



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

984  
A376  
m

UC-NRLF



\$B 274 592

YB 13425

GIFT OF

*Julius Myron Alexander*



EX LIBRIS

984

A376

m

*gift author*



# Memory Months

Julius Myron Alexander



Sincerely,  
Julius Wynn Alexander,  
Haldsburg,  
California  
'917.



# DAY OF CALIFORNIA

Each year twelve steps we numbering keep,  
Twelve gates that we pass through,  
Each step I'd strew with roses deep,  
Each gate I'd ope' to Heaven for you.





TO VIND  
AND





# Memory Months

BY

Julius Myron Alexander

---

*The days of the years, as rivers that flow,  
Floating a leaf, now fast, now slow;  
An eddy, a rock, then rapids swift,  
To the Ocean of Time at last they drift.*

---

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

THE CRAFTERS : PUBLISHERS  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI







Copyrighted 1913, J. M. Alexander

TO THE  
ALMA MATER





## JANUARY.

**W**HITE snow-flakes and great drops of rain from somewhere a way up toward heaven! Snow-flakes and drops of rain, furs and coats, but best of all the warm heart that beats and throbs. A new year, a new life—and it is all ours. To-day touches the first step of the year, and it is a New Year. For every one in every year there are twelve steps. For some, they are plodding steps, measured as clock-ticks; some go light and free, but all will go in the same direction—not one may turn backward. Here, the little child, dimpled and rosy in life; here the youth, manhood and maidenhood; there the feeble step resting by the wayside. How short a time, from the beginning to the end, from January to December! A heart, a soul, a love, a life, and there are pictures all along the way. There is a new picture for each month. Sunrise and sunset, and flowers and tears





and love! Sometimes the picture will be of thorns and brambles, and sometimes there will be sunshine and fragrance of flowers. We will add new pictures as we go along each month, and next year some one will see the pictures we have painted this year. January, so full of wishes for everybody, and the heart so warm in love and longings for a Happy New Year.





## FEBRUARY.

**T**HE child of the year.  
Somehow it never grew  
like the other months, and  
was never so strong and full of  
life. But somehow, like the little  
child of the family, we love it,  
maybe, best of all.

The great fire crackles, and the  
red and yellow sparks leap out on  
the hearthstone, and there are  
stories and songs, and the Fairies  
of February dance and whirl all  
about the room.

Somehow it is a home month,  
and a home month is surely best  
of all. Stories of yesterday and  
stories of away back there.

Just like February, we were all  
children once. Children of smiles  
and merry laughter. After awhile  
we grew up, but after all maybe  
we are just grown-up children.  
There was the romp and the play  
and then the little folded hands  
and "Now I lay me down to  
sleep."

Today maybe we forget, but we






are not so very different. For there are tears and we look up to heaven and wonder at the stars and the blue beyond. We know so little more than the child who dreamed about the Angels.

Dear little February, you are so close to us. All your days, and the crackle and glow about the hearthstone, your songs and laughter and love. Memory weaves its little tissues all about our hearts.





## MARCH.

UTSIDE a great storm cloud. How the wind comes blowing around the house corner and how the great trees bend and bow. Then how close we cling to earth. Old earth, our Mother when storms and tempests and sickness come. Then we cuddle so close to her warm heart for love and protection. The wind and the rain and the great thunder and lightning. We shrink from them, for sometimes they are almost cruel, and March is their Holiday month after the long cruel Winter. They play so wild until the month is almost gone and then the old Lion of the wind and storms grows so quiet, like a little lamb that plays in the meadow field. That is the way so many of us are in life. Tumult and anger and then tears and sorrow. Maybe it would be better if it were sunshine all the while, only then we might grow tired of sameness. Then, too, people, like the months,





are so different, and are not always to blame for what they are. At least we should not always be the judge, for maybe God made them just as they are, as He made March different from the other months. Somehow we are always rather glad when March goes away, for it is so wild and changeable, and we long for the peace of sunshine and the warm wild flowers.





## APRIL.

**F**LEECY clouds and great drops of rain. Diamonds glistening in the sunshine, and then they are all gone. The baby leaf and the bud and the grass awakening from sleep. Away up there through a rift of clouds, the blue sky looks down and the earth smiles back as a little child in its cradle. Soft, sweet April. Just under the eaves is a new little home. It is not yet finished but there are rafters and beams and great strong stanchions of straws and grasses, and they are bound together with cables of thread and lint and the floor is covered with a soft carpet of downy feathers. How busy the workmen and when the sunshine first peeps over the dark walls of night how they sing and how eager for their work of love. They are building new homes, too, out there in the trees and bushes. After awhile they will all be furnished, only there will be no roofs







to their new homes, for little bird people want to look up at the blue sky; and, too, they love the sunshine. Then away over there a great arch of green and blue and red and gold. How we would love to go where the great arch touches the earth, and gather bags of diamonds and gold. But the arch belongs to the sunshine and the raindrop and they take it back into Heaven. The diamond raindrop, the nesting birds, and the rainbow of blue and red and gold are the love gifts of sweet April.





## MAY.

**R**OSES red and white, with sparkles of dew. Poppies of golden yellow. Daisies and violets close to the warm earth. Nodding buttercups, the vale and the meadow, all pictured in colors. Songs of May, and they come to us right out of Heaven. The bloom-laden orchards with their fragrance of peach and almond and cherry. The dreamy air that soothes into a love of earth. The May-day of childhood, of ribbons and the romp around the May-pole. Then the Queen, and the crown that Love weaves of dainty flowers. The waking early, "For I'm to be Queen o' the May." Little glimpses of life that have no shadows. The month in which the sunshine paints pictures all around and weaves a carpet of many colors—of green and crimson and gold and red. Drowsily the butterfly spreads its wings and floats away—a little lace bird





of exquisite pattern and dainty as  
the leaf of the rose. The Arbutus  
and the humming bird, sweet  
companions that love and kiss and  
forget all else than the day God  
made. Too short between the  
morn and eve, for 'tis May that  
bears the breath of Heaven.





## JUNE.

**T**HERE are orange blooms and orchids and the long bridal veil of filmy beauty. The bell goes a-ringing, and there are dainty maids in white, and the church is deep in garlands of smilax and ferns and carnations and lilies. Then there is a golden ring and greetings and good-byes, and out in the world are two happy hearts, as God would have them, all bound in love for life. The month of June, throbbing with life and love. The first leaf of Summer. The Summer of years and the Summer of life all filled with activity and realities. The first page. How closely we read, for perchance it tells us of the book. We are scanning it so closely, for bye and bye will come the Autumn time. 'Tis Summer that bears the Autumn harvest, and it is ours today. Tomorrow it will be gone, and there is a little white ship drifting down through the Autumn leaves to-





ward the white Winter. June is full of busy days and there are just thirty of them. Thirty for September, April, June and November, and the June days are all red-line days. Their hours are hours of sunshine, and each day is crowded full of hours. It is the minutes and hours that count, and every one is a golden treasure. We cannot afford to waste them. For you, bride or groom, child or man, God made sweet sunshine—June, all full of love.





## JULY.

**A** FLUTTER of flags and the surf of the sea. A mid-summer Holiday month. Out there the brook runs down to the meadow and the willows dip to the water's edge. Nature has written her invitations and there are borders of shade and lake, and little dells. The hum of life down close among the grasses and the whisper of the waters. The surf and the sand. The white foam comes creeping out and there are tracks all along the glistening way. Out from the ocean all over the land great throngs troop in gladness and glee. A restful month, for the warm sun has climbed high in the heavens and bids us seek the quietude. Days of sports and frolic, and the flags flutter a welcome. Sometimes there are sunshine clouds that float across the blue, and they grow darker and darker, and there is a rattle like great chariot wheels. Then, too, there are bright lights





that come out of heaven and like ghosts of glimmering roads are straight and then zigzagged; they cut deep into the dark clouds and the drops of rain come and patter against your cheek. They are storm kisses so soft and cool. Then the sun shines again and we are glad because we love the sun. Ah, July goes away so fast and leaves only little sunburns and spots of dust upon the dainty white and little touches of brown and freckles. The July sun is a merry visitor, and maybe he will leave brown blushes upon your cheeks.





## AUGUST.

**S**OMEHOW the shadows hang longer and there is a whisper in the air. There is a bending in the tree, for long ago the blossoms have fallen and purple and golden fruits are the harvest. The yellow fields are stubbled and there is the wheel and the grinding burr. The sickle is gathering bits of dust on its gleaming blade and there is a purple flow from the press. We are busy now, for it is August month, and the sunshine is not quite so warm. The mornings are just a little bit more tinted and sometimes the sun glows so red in the West away down where the night shadows are. We work a little later and there is a wistful look toward the sundown road that leads homeward. There is a light in the window these Harvest eves, and so many times there are stars away up there in the blue, for night sometimes speeds ahead of home-coming. Then there is







sweet peace of rest through night,  
for the days are all of hurry.  
Hazy clouds like drifting smoke  
are away over there in the West,  
and we stop just long enough to  
look up and wonder. The night  
bird grows restless and there is a  
sound like a plaintive cry away  
out there in the thicket. We know  
what it means and the whip-poor-  
will knows of the long shadows  
that are coming. Soft, dreamy  
August, you are going so fast and  
there is so much to do.





## SEPTEMBER.

**Y**ESTERDAY there was a little cloud and the tinkle of a bell. The path was so dusty, but now there are little splashes in the dust and there is a long line and they are red and white and spotted and the tinkle bell is leading home. The night wind comes and the brown corn leaves rustle almost a cadence of flats and sharps. There is the great bin and the barn, and piled high are the yellow ears. The light is burning and there is a merry song, for laughing voices are always heart-songs, and somehow the Angels are so close to the song of ripple laughter. Maybe there are some red ears but the corn never tells the little sweet story of Autumn kisses. Then there is feasting and music so close to the hazy morning. The bright moon climbs higher and higher and somehow its silver light looks like threads of woven beams coming from somewhere away up there.





There seem to be so many little gold and silver cables that reach down to earth from away up there in the blue. Sometimes, too, they twine all around our hearts and maybe they make us better men and women. September is somehow so close to the border-land and all about is the sweet fragrance of Autumn. Little whispers come to us and little shadow-hands take hold of us, and they tell us of the dying year, and they lead us along, if we will only follow, to where the gold and silver cables are tied so tight.





## OCTOBER.

**T**HE color month of the twelve! Nature has woven in her tapestry the most brilliant colors, and October touches with her soft hand, and blends the leaf paint into a delicate harmony of the bright and the shade. The alchemy of the October sun is a subtle brush and there are no colors and no colorings like that of this silver artist. Done by the mirror waters, and high up on the Lookout Mountains, there are sheens and gleams of iridescent beauty. Out in the heavens, too, there is a glory-painting, for the sunset clouds build mountains high and there are white-sailed ships and phantom life. These the October sun paints in all colors, and opens wide the gates of gold that lead from eve to shadowy rest. Then the Night Weaver comes, and silver stars are woven in the blue canopy of the shadow-land. October earth and sky are a har-





mony of beauty. The voice of October is a melody of song and each word is the poesy of color. There are no leaves like October leaves and there are no clouds like October clouds. These are for the month and tomorrow they are gone, but like paintings, made by Angel hands, they are the glory of October.





## NOVEMBER.

**T**HE leaves have eddied and blown and lie crushed and tangled all amongst the white snow. Their purple and gold and red are darkened with the stain of soil. There is a tear in the wind, for yesterday it kissed them in the beauty of their life. Its song is a funeral dirge, and, too, there is a shadow that comes across the heart of life. There are memories, too, that come—memories of the year bountiful, of the garnered harvest, of the glad some days of planting and growing, of the showers of April, and the flowers of May—of all the gifts that God has given. Of life, too, the rosy cheek and the glow of health. For all of these there is a day of thanks. A day that makes better for the living. So November is the month of Thanksgiving, and there is feasting and rejoicing. It is the month to be remembered and loved for the fulfillment of Hope. There





is of plenty in the store-house and  
there is a warmth of heart and  
gratitude for the reward of labor.  
God has been good and November  
has been his pay-day. So we are  
happy; though outside the voice  
of the wind may be heavy in its  
drift, inside the light is bright,  
and we love old November, with  
all its melancholy ways.





## DECEMBER.

**S**AIN'T December, the last of the twelve apostles. The key-bearer of the month. They have all passed through the gate, and December now sits by the way awaiting to turn the key in the lock. White with his mantle of snow, and with trembling hand, he marks off the minutes, the hours, and the days. Thirty-one, and they are all gone. The bells ring not as bridal bells, but as tolling bells, and there is a glad shout from those who have passed through the gate ere the key is turned. The closing of the year has its compensation, for there are December days of gifts and rejoicing. Days of remembrance, and there is a glitter of lights and a glowing fireside. The child-love of the reindeer man who comes out of snow-land with a tinkle of bells and folds the little child close to his heart. How the eyes sparkle and how the little arms reach out, and the great big







world of humanity takes the child  
so close and kisses its warm cheek.  
So few the hours between the day-  
light and dark and so short the  
days between the beginning and  
the end. There is a cold wind  
like a ghost wind but it only  
makes us love the sunshine all  
the more. So the sorrows and  
tears of all the months only make  
us better as we look forward to  
the loving light of Heaven. The  
last page is torn from the cal-  
endar, the clock is striking twelve,  
and December turns the key in the  
lock of the gate of  
"Finis."





**14 DAY USE**  
**RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED**  
**LOAN DEPT.**

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.  
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

ICLF (N)

MAY 26 1968 24

LD 21A-45m-9,'67  
(H5067s10)476B

General Library  
University of California  
Berkeley

Gaylord Bros.  
Makers  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

YB 134

347243

*Alexander*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

